



The ceiling in the hall in the Tauride Palace, St. Petersburg, where the Douma meets, gave way and fell into the body of the chamber. Nearly 200 of the Deputies' seats were covered with planks and plaster and the chandelier was completely destroyed. Quite three-quarters of the ceiling collapsed. It is believed that the huge ventilating apparatus fitted above the ceiling was too heavy for the beams. Had the accident happened during a sitting only the ministers, a few Polish Deputies, some members of the extreme right and the journalists would have escaped. The accident created a great sensation in Russia.

WAITING.

Come to the hills, the woods are green—  
The heart is high when love is sweet—  
There is a brook that flows between  
Two mossy trees where we can meet;  
Where we can meet and speak unseen.  
I hear you laughing in the lane.  
The heart is high when love is sweet—  
The clover smells of sun and rain,  
And spreads a carpet for our feet  
Where we can sit and dream again.  
Come to the woods; the dusk is here—  
The heart is high when love is sweet—  
A bird upon the branches near  
Sets music to our hearts' glad beat—  
Our hearts that beat with something dear.  
I hear your step; the lane is past—  
The heart is high when love is sweet—  
The little stars come bright and fast,  
Like happy eyes to see us greet;  
To see us greet and kiss at last.  
—Leslie's Weekly.

Getting Ready

Jennie always spoke so casually about the collection toward her house-keeping outfit that every one accepted it as a matter of course.  
It was when she was only 16 that Jennie's mother, finishing hemming the last of a dozen new napkins, remarked: "There! Those are ready to go into the chest." Questioning brought to light the further information that the chest was to be filled with things for Jennie.  
"Of course she'll get married some day," said her mother, "and it's lots handier to be making things along instead of rushing at the last minute. I'm doing table linen now."  
By the time Mrs. Markham had finished the set of kitchen towels and had begun on china every one took it without comment. When Jennie was 18 the chest was full and a big dry goods box was called into requisition to hold things. Not that Mrs. Markham was anxious for her daughter to marry and leave her. On the contrary, she often dropped a tear on a completed dolly or bureau scarf as she laid it with the rest of the collection. Adding things to Jennie's store grew to be a habit. Christmas gifts of an attractive nature were ruthlessly sacrificed to the box.  
"That'll be nice when you have a house of your own," was the remark Jennie heard sung over numberless things snatched from her before she had a chance to use them at the moment.  
All her friends knew about her collection and by the time Jennie left school the older women had begun to say it was lucky that Mrs. Markham had been so far-sighted, for in case anything did come of Ross Whipple's devotion to Jennie all her trousseau except mere clothes would be prepared.  
Ross Whipple certainly had a bad case of young love. He haunted Jennie. All the other girls and boys of their age spoke of them as engaged. Their parents said they were too young, but Ross told his chums with glowering brow that he could wait years if he had to, while Jennie rehearsed to her envious intimates the contents of the chest. It was practically settled that Jennie's store of linen and china and knickknacks would come in very handy tolerably soon.  
Then Ross went away to college and in six months his affair with Jennie was broken off. He had fallen in love with a college-town girl.  
Jennie bore up well. Perhaps the fact that young Lauderback was calling frequently assisted her to a satisfactory state of mind. Young Lauderback had a high brow and Jennie began to read thick books. Also she took to signing her name "Jane." She said it was more dignified.  
Young Lauderback certainly had serious intentions, for he brought his mother and sister to call on Jennie and was asked to the Lauderback home for Sunday night tea. Again people rehearsed the contents of the chest and the dry goods box and decided on what extra things Jennie could buy with the money which otherwise she would have had to spend for a bride's usual linen and household outfit.  
Nobody ever quite knew what caused the trouble between Jennie and young Lauderback. She carried her head high for a time, while he looked depressed and blue. Before he recovered she was enjoying immensely the

visit of a young doctor who had graduated in the same medical class with her brother. He was good-looking—and so was she. He had not been at the Markham home for a week before every one was talking about how desperately in love with each other they were.  
"It was at first sight," said Mrs. Markham to her best friends. "Of course Jennie had had fancies like all girls, but this is genuine. His father is rich. Not that that has anything to do with it, but he won't have to struggle. And I think that Jennie's outfit is good enough for any home that even he can give her."  
Jennie was invited to visit the young doctor's family later and she went. She had a glorious time and came home to find her mother feverishly hemming a large tablecloth. "I thought you needed another three-yard one," she explained.  
After Jennie had broken her engagement to the young doctor because she was tired of writing letters to him she went in for social settlement work for a year or so. She came near marrying a professor of something or other who had classes down there, but she changed her mind.  
When Henry Smith, a confirmed bachelor, took to calling on Jennie Mrs. Markham cleared up again and hemmed a dozen more tea towels. But he drifted away without having committed himself.  
"Anyhow," said Mrs. Markham, taking new comfort in the thought, "there isn't another girl who has the outfit you have."  
The years sped on. Admirers were not so plentiful, but Mrs. Markham occasionally added a dolly to the store. The boxes were so full that there was

no room for more linen. The friends of the family began to smile pityingly about Jennie's immense stock of household goods. Jennie was nearing 30.  
Then of a sudden Jennie married a theatrical man. Now she travels with him everywhere, so she has not the remotest need of the contents of the chest and dry goods box in the attic at home. She lives at hotels the year round.  
But Mrs. Markham hopefully turns over the pieces of linen and rubs up the china from time to time. She gets a great deal of comfort out of the fact that there's a fine household outfit all ready and waiting for Jennie if she ever should need it.—Chicago Daily News.



HER HOUSEKEEPING OUTFIT.

A terrified stag, with blood flowing from several cuts on its body, suddenly appeared in the main street of Windesham, Surrey, yesterday, and dashing up a side lane, collapsed.  
A party of men went to its aid, and tying a rope round its neck, were leading it to a neighboring stable, when the beast detected the sound of the approaching hunt, and in its frantic struggles to again get free strangled itself.  
The members of the Berks and Bucks Hunt when they appeared were treated to an uncompromising demonstration, which threatened to become absolutely hostile.—London Mirror.

Mothers care not who does the love-making if they are allowed to do the matchmaking.

Wise men labor while waiting for something to turn up.

GALUSHA A. GROW.

Death Claims Father of the Home-Steal Law Idea.  
Former Congressman Galusha A. Grow, who was in his 84th year, died of the diseases incident to old age at his home in Glenwood, Susquehanna County, Pa., after an illness of three years. Mr. Grow was the last surviving member of a family of six children. He was never married, and his only survivors are four nieces, three living in Binghamton, N. Y., and Mrs. W. P. Kellogg, of Syracuse. A man of the highest honor, Mr. Grow, after long years of public service, left an estate of only \$50,000.

Galusha Aaron Grow, who was speaker of the House of Representatives in the first year of the Civil War and the youngest man ever elected to preside over that body, was a striking figure in the political history of the country during the last half century. He was born at Ashford (now Eastford), Windham County, Conn., Aug. 31, 1824. His father died when he was still a child and when he was 10 years old he went with his mother and elder brothers to Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania.

As a boy he worked on a farm in summer and went to the common schools in winter. He was graduated from Amherst College in 1844 and admitted to the bar three years later. He entered Congress in 1851 and was the youngest member of that body for ten years. At the beginning of each Congress he introduced in the House a free homestead bill. It became a law in 1862 and did much to develop the West, for it opened many million acres of farm lands to settlement by homesteaders.

Mr. Grow was elected speaker of the Thirty-seventh Congress in 1861. In 1864 he lacked one vote of being nominated for Vice President instead of Andrew Johnson. He retired from Congress in 1863, and declined the mission to Russia which President Hayes offered him in 1870. Mr. Grow was elected as Congressman-at-large in 1894, and was re-elected in 1896 by a plurality of 197,446, the largest ever given then in any State to any candidate for any office. He retired from Congress voluntarily in 1903.

MAN'S OBSTINACY THE CAUSE.

As Meeker Wouldn't Wear Wig Wife Was Compelled to Divorce Him.  
George I. Meeker, an actor, is waiting for Judge Patton to grant him a divorce from Minnie Meeker, and he blames all his troubles to his bald head. The story which he took to the Judge caused some merriment in the court room, where several baldheaded men were waiting to be called as witnesses in other cases. Although the technical charge is desertion, Meeker attributed the trouble to his lack of hair. He told the court his wife left him in 1901.  
"Why did she leave you?" asked Judge Patton. "Another man in the case."  
"None," responded Meeker, placing his hand on his bald head. "This was the cause of my trouble. Before my wife deserted me my hair began to fall out, and finally I was almost completely bald. Well, Minnie wanted me to buy a wig, but I objected to wearing one and said so."  
"And you refused to buy the wig?" asked the court.  
"Yes, that was it, and my wife then began nagging at me until we quarreled about it."  
"Well, well," meditated Judge Patton. "Bald head—divorce." Slowly the judge placed his hand on his own head thoughtfully. "Yes, I am beginning to get bald, and I wonder—I wonder—if that will cause trouble with the folks at home!" he soliloquized.

The case was taken under advisement.—Chicago Tribune.

Rapid Transit.  
"Fare, please."  
The passenger looked up in surprise. "I have paid you one fare," he said.  
"Sure you did," responded the conductor; "but when a blockade lasts more than an hour we charge for putting in"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A boy may be late to his meals, but that is one place where a boy is as adept at napping up lost time.

And Sometimes as in Case of 1133, To Man Save You from Misfortunes.  
"Yes, sir," said the fat engineer. "I always made it a point to be friendly with my engine, same as a good teamster is kind to his horses 'n' they seemed to appreciate it. Sometimes I get one that is dyspeptic, with a perpetual grouch, like some human beings, but it ain't long before I have 'em so's they'll eat out of my hand."  
"Now, there was the 1133. When I got her she was like an unruly child, but after I had run her a spell 'n' used her firmly, but gently, lettin' her know I was boss, she fell to working like a charm."  
"I always put up a holler, if I suspected the yardmaster was puttin' on more cars than the 1133 could handle, especially at such times as I thought the old girl was off her feet. It sure stood me in good stead, for whenever I got into a tight place 'n' needed to shove her a little bit to make a meetin' point, she'd never lay down on me once."  
"Now, Nance, I'd say to her, when I was ollin' 'round, 'we've got to be in Conners in just so many minutes. Do your prettiest,' on the same plan as a good driver hands his horse a nice red apple before he urges him to draw a heavy load up a tedious hill. An', say, when I'd give her steam she'd whirl her train along at Twentieth Century Limited speed."  
"One night durin' a heavy snowstorm I pulled down through the yards with orders to go out over the Old Pike branch, a single track short cut we use when the main line is pretty well clogged up with traffic. I laid at the tank till No. 12 came in a little late. After No. 12 pulled in I opened the throttle up on the 1133. She slipped 'n' slewed 'n' slid 'round, never movin' an inch."  
"Come on, Nance, get on the job," I said to her. "We've got to make Seelye's crossin' by 8:45. There's no time to be whittin' here!"  
"My kind words to her had no more effect than a safety razor at a darky picnic. She just simply wouldn't move."  
"With her thrashin' 'n' slippin' 'round' she finally uncoupled the air hose between the tender 'n' the engine. I had to get down in under the tank 'n' fuss 'round' five minutes to get 'em hitched up again."  
"All this while the good old engine was waceelin' 'n' whinin' 'round' like a faithful dog I read about in a book, whose master was about to take a walk along a path in which an ambush had been laid for him. The dog kep' a tuggin' 'n' whinin' 'round' his master until the man gave up his walk 'n' his life was saved."  
"The old 1133 seemed to be sayin' to me, 'Now, Pop, there's danger out there ahead. I wouldn't go if I were you.' An' pretty soon I got a superstitious hunch that evil was lurkin' in our path, 'n' I determined to lay right in that sidin' 'n' await developments, notwithstanding' the comments of the crew that I was trainin' for a job as janitor of an old ladies' home 'n' other rude remarks."  
"Old Nance never acted this way with me before," I said, "n' there must be somethin' doin'. I'm not goin' to budge."  
"In about three minutes we heard a long whistle in the darkness to the westward, 'n', 'let's behold you, along comes an extra east-bound freight in over the single track. I had orders to meet 'em at Seelye's Sidin'."  
"Now just consider what would have happened if that 1133 had not in some way got a line on that little black man ahead of us. I certainly would have gone up that branch for all I was worth in order not to lay the extra out at Seelye's 'n' we would have met head-on in the blindin' snowstorm. I tell you it pays to be kind."—Washington Post.

When the time of toll is ended and the stars begin to show  
And the firelight fades and flickers and the shadows come and go;  
When the present day is fading through the portals of the past  
To join the other days that made the journey all too fast,  
You can't help going with it far enough to say "good-by,"  
And maybe it will take your hand and lead you; and you try  
To laugh and hope, just as you did when everything was new  
And you were living in the land of things you meant to do.

It takes you to the rainbow which showed treasure's hiding place;  
It shows youth's starting point, where all were equal in the race.  
The winter's fierceness there was all forgotten in a day,  
For nothing was so real as the blossoming of May.  
The stars that shine afar then seemed so radiantly near  
That one might pluck them from the sky, should we but persevere.  
Life's fairest, truest joys are those too fair to e'er be true.  
They dwell back yonder in the land of things we meant to do.  
—Washington Star.

THE BARONET IN A QUANDARY.  
Sir Towneley Parke sighed.  
"I shall either have to go to work, or get married," he murmured, with a shudder.  
Each alternative was equally terrible. Of two evils, we are told to always choose the lesser. But how can one decide which is the lesser when both are so uniformly bad? How could a man of Sir Towneley Parke's habits start work at his time of life? Or how could he get on with a wife?  
He came of an aristocratic stock, but the stock had run rather thin of late years. Like so many other aristocrats, he had more blue blood than money. He was a short, slight man, with a little head that was quite bald on top and nearly so at the sides. He was 50, and looked it.  
The idea of work appalled him, because he had never done such a thing, and had no idea how to set about it. The hardest tasks he had ever undertaken were when he occasionally tried to get odd jobs when the price was short, or endeavored to inveigle some bookmaker to let him bet on the nod. Apart from that, he had never had any occupation.  
As for a wife—well, he had lived fifty years without one, and had never been dissatisfied with his lot while he had a few pounds in his pocket and a good coat on his back. He had never felt the need of a wife, and he knew hosts of fellows who looked as though they would like to get rid of theirs. Matrimony was a lottery, he knew, and he preferred a fair bet any day.  
But now he had come to the end of his tether. The last acre of the family estates was sold, and the money dissipated. Just a row or two of houses was all his papa had left him, and he had sold the houses one by one. Now, with nothing more to sell, and an empty exchequer, he was confronted with the awful enigma, "Must I go to work, or must I marry?"  
He put the question to Jack Jinks, feeling the need of advice, and knowing Jack was a man of the world, for he had once been a billiard-marker. Mr. Jinks was the gentleman who settled his betting-book for him when there was anything to draw, and made excuses for him when it was his turn to pay out.  
"There ain't no two ways about it, Sir Towneley," said Mr. Jinks, slapping his slim calf with his rattan; "it's as easy as pie. You must get spiced."  
"Do you really think so?" groaned the baronet. "Was there no help, no other way out?"  
"It's the absolute Martin-Harvey for you," pursued Mr. Jinks. "And what's more, you must marry money."  
"I shouldn't marry anything else," observed Sir Towneley.  
"What's still more, I happen to know the very identical party."  
"You do?"  
"I do. Had her in my eye these twelve months. Thought about fixing the job up myself, but concluded there was no earthly chance for me. I'm not class enough. But she'd fall into your arms. Offer to make her Lady Towneley—her ladyship!—and there's three thousand a year for you."  
"Three thousand a year!" gasped the baronet. It seemed like the wealth of all the Indies.  
"Not a penny less."  
Suddenly Sir Towneley turned cold. "I suppose she's about 90, and a widow, and has a wooden leg, and one eye, and false teeth, and false hair."  
"The specification ain't correct, except so far as she's a widow. That I do know. But I don't think either of her legs is a wooden one, and both her eyes is right, and saucy eyes they are, too! And her teeth and hair look O. K. to me, though you can't expect a man to be a proper judge of such things. But don't you run your head against a brick wall. I can tell you, Mrs. Percival is all right, very much all right, and if she's a day over 40, I'll eat my hat!"  
"Fat?" queried the baronet, continuing his disconsolate line of thought.  
"Certainly not. Buxom. What they call a buxom widow, just what a widow ought to be. Fair complexion and yellow hair—both her own as far as I know! And three thousand a year."  
"When can you introduce me?" asked Sir Towneley.

IL—A WAY OUT.  
The old proverb has it, "Happy is the wretch that is not a do-er," and Sir Towneley Parke did not let the grass grow under his feet when once the introduction had been made. You see, he could scarcely afford to wait.  
He found Mrs. Emma Percival, considering everything, most presentable. She was the widow of a man who had made his money in trade; she was stout, her hair was too yellow to be quite natural, and the blush upon her cheeks was not that of modest girlhood.  
But riches are a deal more certain than charity to cover a multitude of sins.

BIRD CAGE OF 100 ROOMS.  
Young Italian with Few Tools Makes Marvel of Carving and Joining.  
What would you think of a bird cage that stands four feet high, has more than a hundred rooms, forty balconies, towers, turrets, minarets, matting rooms, a reception room, and a clock? asks the Kansas City Star.  
Such a cage has been built by Peter Capello, an Italian, living at 202 North Liberty street, Independence. He has been working on it for more than two months and the cage is not yet finished. It is made entirely of wood and brass and is modeled after a cathedral in the builder's native land. Every panel, every floor, every balcony is finished to the smallest detail. The dovetailing and joining are almost perfect. On the interior are double swings, paneled feed dishes, carved water troughs, and a net work of doors leading from room to room.  
The center of the cage has broad steps leading to a double door with a tiny lock. Just inside the main doors are the mating rooms, little covered places with deep shadows. Above the door is the clock and above that is a balcony with brass railings and swinging doors. The balconies jut out all around the building from floor to tower. The cage is painted in red and drab with green doors. Two smaller towers are just back of the main towers and these are used as the birds' gymnasium.  
The cage is the more wonderful when it is known that the builder has never had any instruction in joining or carving, and that his tools consisted of an old knife, a scroll saw and an awl. He had to work in a little back yard with only one small electric light. He has done other wood carving. A small dressing case with a mirror, is such a mass of complicated carving that it looks almost like lace. Capello is young. He has been in America about nineteen months and speaks little English.

The first day we know a secret, we are half-minded, and wouldn't tell it for the world, but after a week or two we usually don't think it amounts to very much.  
Most men are sufficiently versatile to put in all their spare time without feeling the necessity of going visiting.  
When a man is ungoing himself, he asks everybody he meets to have round dances.

BACK YONDER.  
When the time of toll is ended and the stars begin to show  
And the firelight fades and flickers and the shadows come and go;  
When the present day is fading through the portals of the past  
To join the other days that made the journey all too fast,  
You can't help going with it far enough to say "good-by,"  
And maybe it will take your hand and lead you; and you try  
To laugh and hope, just as you did when everything was new  
And you were living in the land of things you meant to do.

THE BARONET AND THE WIDOW.  
"She's not so bad," he admitted to Mr. Jack Jinks. "She might be worse."  
"Besides," advised that worthy, "you needn't take her out with you. You can keep her indoors."  
"If she'll stay there," commented the baronet. He had noted the ways of other wives with other husbands, and knew something.  
"And there's three thousand a year goes with her," went on Mr. Jinks. "Don't forget that."  
"I can't." It was true. He could not. "Go in and win," said his adviser.  
They were outside the widow's house at the time. "D'you think I've known her long enough?" inquired the baronet.  
"Great Scott! You've known her three weeks."  
"It don't seem long, does it?"  
"Go and get it over. If you are a starter she is. She's ready to run in double harness with a cart! Wish you luck. Ta-ta!" And Mr. Jinks was gone.  
Left alone on the doorstep, there was nothing for Sir Towneley to do but ring and be admitted to the presence of his charmer.  
She had been sitting on the sofa (you could tell that by the valley in the middle of it), but she got up quickly—as quickly as one of her proportions could get up—and gave him a plump hand to shake as he entered.  
He took the podgy fingers in his, and stooped and kissed them. He had an



THEY STOOD LOOKING AT ONE ANOTHER.

idea, through reading French novels, that it was the correct thing to do at such a crisis.  
The lady simpered with pleasure.  
"Oh, Sir Towneley," she said, "I am so delighted to see you. She looked it, too."  
"The pleasure is mine," he said lamely. Then they stood looking at one another.  
"Won't you sit down?" she invited him, at last.  
He was quite ready to do so, for his knees were almost giving way.  
"I called, Mrs. Percival," he said, "because I have a question to ask you." Better get it over, he thought, and be put out of his misery.  
She fluttered like a bird trying to fly.  
"Oh, Sir Towneley, I'm sure I shall be delighted to answer you." Could she suspect he was about to propose? Perhaps she did; he looked silly enough for anything.  
"It is an important question, Emma—may I call you, Emma?"  
"Do!" she ejaculated. He might have called her Em, if he wished, or Mrs. Browning, or Mother Shipton. She was so agitated, and so expectant that she would never have minded.  
"I scarcely know how to say it. It is a dreadful thing. She helped him. It is woman's way."  
"Come and sit by me on the sofa," she suggested.  
He went. He put an arm around her waist—as far round as it would go—and laid a hand upon his heart, or upon the watch-pocket of his waistcoat, which is thereabouts. And he made another start.  
"Emma, I am no longer a boy." He did not look it, either. "But I am a man who has never been in love until now." Then he coughed; he could not help it; he had to. "At this moment there is one charming figure that fills my fancy." If he referred to hers, there was enough of it to fill lots of theirs. "There is one adored one who is ever in my thoughts." He was getting on famously; he was wondering where the poetry came from. But he was getting winded as well. So he rushed to the conclusion. "The question I want to ask you, Emma, is—will you be my beautiful bride?"  
"Oh, Sir Towneley," she simpered, "this is so sudden."  
"Not at all," he assured her. "It's taken me three weeks to do it. He was a stalker for facts.  
"And do you really mean it?"  
"I do. Will you marry me? Do say yes!" He hoped to goodness she would say no. "Will you take me for your own?"  
"Oh, of course I will!" she cried, and before he knew what was happening, she had flung her two shapely

arms about his neck and was sitting on his knees. "My treasure!" he gasped. "My own!" she murmured. "You will never be sorry for this, will you?"  
"I hope not—that is, I mean, I'm sure I never shall."  
"And we'll go through life together, hand in hand!"  
"Of course, like youngsters, playing 'Here we go round the mulberry bush.' But, just for the moment, would you mind shifting on to the other knee and giving that one a rest? Thanks, awfully. Sorry to disturb you, don't you know, but—"  
"Am I heavy, dearest?"  
"You are a lump of love," he said, and tried to look as though he meant it.

IL—A LONG WAY OUT.  
And so they were married. Mr. Jack Jinks gave the bride away, feeling sure he would have some pickings out of the three thousand a year acquired by his friend, and he hoped to be in a substantial commission as well, being a commission agent.  
Some of Sir Towneley Parke's relatives provided him with a few pounds to pay the necessary expenses. They were only too glad to get rid of him so satisfactorily, and thought it cheap at the price.  
And away they went for their honeymoon, she briding with pleasure, he rejuvenated with hope. They went to Lucerne, lovely Lucerne, whither the Polytechnic will take you for a mere nothing, if you are polytechnically inclined. These two were not; they traveled in state, and they put up at the Schweizerhof, that lovely palace of a hotel with only its own gardens between it and the wonderful lake.  
"May as well start in style," said the baronet; "there's nothing like doing the thing properly."  
The first difficulty came when the hotel bill was to be met. By that time his finances were once more depleted, and he was without a gold coin. But what mattered that? There was his wife with her wealth, and it was quite time she started paying for something.  
It would be practice for her. It would get her into the habit.  
So when the manager presented "mildred" with his bill and a bow, he said, "Right you are, sonny," in his condescending way of the true British aristocrat, put the bill in his pocket, and asked his wife to take a stroll under the trees by the side of the lake. He would break it to her gently.  
The silver moon was beaming on the placid face of the water as they paced along the sidewalk by the rails. She wanted to rest.  
"Isn't it divine?" she murmured, as she pushed him against the rails and began to lean upon his chest and gaze into his eyes.  
"Yes," he assented, "it's awfully jolly."  
"So tranquil, so calm, so poetic, so truly continental."  
"Beastly dull," he hazarded.  
"Dull, Towneley? And I am with you!"  
"Oh, not at all, you know. I didn't mean that, you know."  
"I'd like to stay forever on the shores of this lake, wouldn't you?"  
"I—I don't know. I suffer from rheumatism."  
"Ah, yes. But it is so sweet and dreamlike." She was weighing rather heavily just then. He tried to shift her, but she refused to budge. "Oh, Towneley!" she sighed, "I'm so happy."  
"I'm glad," he said, tamely. "Kiss me, Towneley," she adjured him.  
"Great Scott!" he told himself, "she's getting sentimental! At her age, too, and at her weight!"  
But as she bade him kiss her, of course, he was obliged to comply. It was necessary, under the circumstances. But he felt he was entitled to some reward, and that bill was burning in his pocket.  
Shifting her weight with a wonderful effort, he managed to get his hand into his pocket and produce the bill.  
"They've presented the account at the hotel, darling," he said, feeling it best to be polite. "It only amounts to a little over fifteen pounds."  
"Quite reasonable, love," she pouted.  
"And when will you pay it?"  
"That was his cue," he coughed.  
"Well, you see, my angel, I thought of leaving it to you."  
"Leaving it to me?"  
"Yes, pet, I'm broke."  
"But—I don't understand," she said. "Can't you wire to your bankers at—?"  
"I haven't any bankers," he owned.  
"But your estates?"  
"I haven't any estates."  
"But, why—what—?"  
There was no use in beating about the bush. "I thought you knew I was a poor man," he said, "with nothing but my title, and my honored family name—and all that sort of thing—but you, with your three thousand a year—"  
It was her turn. "I haven't any three thousand a year," she said.  
"Oh, but you have!"  
"I haven't a farthing." He nearly fell through the rails into the lake.  
"I had three thousand a year," she went on, "left in trust for me, as long as I remained a widow, but when I married again it was all to go in charities!"  
"Jelosophat!" he cried, "and when you married me your income ceased!"  
"Yes!" she sighed. "But you love me just as much, don't you?"  
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THE BARONET AND THE WIDOW.  
"She's not so bad," he admitted to Mr. Jack Jinks. "She might be worse."  
"Besides," advised that worthy, "you needn't take her out with you. You can keep her indoors."  
"If she'll stay there," commented the baronet. He had noted the ways of other wives with other husbands, and knew something.  
"And there's three thousand a year goes with her," went on Mr. Jinks. "Don't forget that."  
"I can't." It was true. He could not. "Go in and win," said his adviser.  
They were outside the widow's house at the time. "D'you think I've known her long enough?" inquired the baronet.  
"Great Scott! You've known her three weeks."  
"It don't seem long, does it?"  
"Go and get it over. If you are a starter she is. She's ready to run in double harness with a cart! Wish you luck. Ta-ta!" And Mr. Jinks was gone.  
Left alone on the doorstep, there was nothing for Sir Towneley to do but ring and be admitted to the presence of his charmer.  
She had been sitting on the sofa (you could tell that by the valley in the middle of it), but she got up quickly—as quickly as one of her proportions could get up—and gave him a plump hand to shake as he entered.  
He took the podgy fingers in his, and stooped and kissed them. He had an

idea, through reading French novels, that it was the correct thing to do at such a crisis.  
The lady simpered with pleasure.  
"Oh, Sir Towneley," she said, "I am so delighted to see you. She looked it, too."  
"The pleasure is mine," he said lamely. Then they stood looking at one another.  
"Won't you sit down?" she invited him, at last.  
He was quite ready to do so, for his knees were almost giving way.  
"I called, Mrs. Percival," he said, "because I have a question to ask you." Better get it over, he thought, and be put out of his misery.  
She fluttered like a bird trying to fly.  
"Oh, Sir Towneley, I'm sure I shall be delighted to answer you." Could she suspect he was about to propose? Perhaps she did; he looked silly enough for anything.  
"It is an important question, Emma—may I call you, Emma?"  
"Do!" she ejaculated. He might have called her Em, if he wished, or Mrs. Browning, or Mother Shipton. She was so agitated, and so expectant that she would never have minded.  
"I scarcely know how to say it. It is a dreadful thing. She helped him. It is woman's way."  
"Come and sit by me on the sofa," she suggested.  
He went. He put an arm around her waist—as far round as it would go—and laid a hand upon his heart, or upon the watch-pocket of his waistcoat, which is thereabouts. And he made another start.  
"Emma, I am no longer a boy." He did not look it, either. "But I am a man who has never been in love until now." Then he coughed; he could not help it; he had to. "At this moment there is one charming figure that fills my fancy." If he referred to hers, there was enough of it to fill lots of theirs. "There is one adored one who is ever in my thoughts." He was getting on famously; he was wondering where the poetry came from. But he was getting winded as well. So he rushed to the conclusion. "The question I want to ask you, Emma, is—will you be my beautiful bride?"  
"Oh, Sir Towneley," she simpered, "this is so sudden."  
"Not at all," he assured her. "It's taken me three weeks to do it. He was a stalker for facts.  
"And do you really mean it?"  
"I do. Will you marry me? Do say yes!" He hoped to goodness she would say no. "Will you take me for your own?"  
"Oh, of course I will!" she cried, and before he knew what was happening, she had flung her two shapely

arms about his neck and was sitting on his knees. "My treasure!" he gasped. "My own!" she murmured. "You will never be sorry for this, will you?"  
"I hope not—that is, I mean, I'm sure I never shall."  
"And we'll go through life together, hand in hand!"  
"Of course, like youngsters, playing 'Here we go round the mulberry bush.' But, just for the moment, would you mind shifting on to the other knee and giving that one a rest? Thanks, awfully. Sorry to disturb you, don't you know, but—"  
"Am I heavy, dearest?"  
"You are a lump of love," he said, and tried to look as though he meant it.

IL—A LONG WAY OUT.  
And so they were married. Mr. Jack Jinks gave the bride away, feeling sure he would have some pickings out of the three thousand a year acquired by his friend, and he hoped to be in a substantial commission as well, being a commission agent.  
Some of Sir Towneley Parke's relatives provided him with a few pounds to pay the necessary expenses. They were only too glad to get rid of him so satisfactorily, and thought it cheap at the price.  
And away they went for their honeymoon, she briding with pleasure, he rejuvenated with hope. They went to Lucerne, lovely Lucerne, whither the Polytechnic will take you for a mere nothing, if you are polytechnically inclined. These two were not; they traveled in state, and they put up at the Schweizerhof, that lovely palace of a hotel with only its own gardens between it and the wonderful lake.  
"May as well start in style," said the baronet; "there's nothing like doing the thing properly."  
The first difficulty came when the hotel bill was to be met. By that time his finances were once more depleted, and he was without a gold coin. But what mattered that? There was his wife with her wealth, and it was quite time she started paying for something.  
It would be practice for her. It would get her into the habit.  
So when the manager presented "mildred" with his bill and a bow, he said, "Right you are, sonny," in his condescending way of the true British aristocrat, put the bill in his pocket, and asked his wife to take a stroll under the trees by the side of the lake. He would break it to her gently.  
The silver moon was beaming on the placid face of the water as they paced along the sidewalk by the rails. She wanted to rest.  
"Isn't it divine?" she murmured, as she pushed him against the rails and began to lean upon his chest and gaze into his eyes.  
"Yes," he assented, "it's awfully jolly."  
"So tranquil, so calm, so poetic, so truly continental."  
"Beastly dull," he hazarded.  
"Dull, Towneley? And I am with you!"  
"Oh, not at all, you know. I didn't mean that, you know."  
"I'd like to stay forever on the shores of this lake, wouldn't you?"  
"I—I don't know. I suffer from rheumatism."  
"Ah, yes. But it is so sweet and dreamlike." She was weighing rather heavily just then. He tried to shift her, but she refused to budge. "Oh, Towneley!" she sighed, "I'm so happy."  
"I'm glad," he said, tamely. "Kiss me, Towneley," she adjured him.  
"Great Scott!" he told himself, "she's getting sentimental! At her age, too, and at her weight!"  
But as she bade him kiss her, of course, he was obliged to comply. It was necessary, under the circumstances. But he felt he was entitled to some reward, and that bill was burning in his pocket.  
Shifting her weight with a wonderful effort, he managed to get his hand into his pocket and produce the bill.  
"They've presented the account at the hotel, darling," he said, feeling it best to be polite. "It only amounts to a little over fifteen pounds."  
"Quite reasonable, love," she pouted.  
"And when will you pay it?"  
"That was his cue," he coughed.  
"Well, you see, my angel, I thought of leaving it to you."  
"Leaving it to me?"  
"Yes, pet, I'm broke."  
"But—I don't understand," she said. "Can't you wire to your bankers at—?"  
"I haven't any bankers," he owned.  
"But your estates?"  
"I haven't any estates."  
"But, why—what—?"  
There was no use in beating about the bush. "I thought you knew I was a poor man," he said, "with nothing but my title, and my honored family name—and all that sort of thing—but you, with your three thousand a year—"  
It was her turn. "I haven't any three thousand a year," she said.  
"Oh, but you have!"  
"I haven't a farthing." He nearly fell through the rails into the lake.  
"I had three thousand a year," she went on, "left in trust for me, as long as I remained a widow, but when I married again it was all to go in charities!"  
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